Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allens Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder for painful, smarting, tender, nervous feet. It takes the sting of corn and bunions. Over 100,000 packages are being used by the German and Allied troops at the front. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample free. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Whistle for a Dog.

Any dog can be taught to answer a certain sound, and as it is far easier to produce a uniform sound on a metal whistle than by means of your lips, why not buy a whistle and train your dog to answer it. It can be hung beside the door or carried in your handbag, so that you can always use it when the dog has wandered away. One can be bought for 30 cents that is quite satisfactory.

The Democrat.

Entered at the Doniphan postoffice as second-class matter.

All locals and advertisements that are not inserted for a certain length of time will be run until ordered out.

Rail Road Time Table.

Doniphan and Neelyville Branch.

No. 882, accommodation, leaves..... 6:00 a.m.
No. 817, accom, arrives..... 9:05 a.m.
No. 838, accom, leaves..... 12:15 pm
No. 833, accom, arrives..... 6:00 p.m.

Daily except Sunday, leaves at 6:00 a.m. and arrives at 6:00 p m.

Tickets for all points on sale.

Local and General News.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but the inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists, 75c. Take Hall's family pills for constipation.

One Monograph Lost to Literature.

"The other day," said Berry M. Aull, Chiggerbite's popular undertaker, "I sat down to write a monograph on the Futility of Everything. It was a great thought—it thrilled me. But mine is a sternly logical mind. The more the truth of my great theme came home to me, the more clear it became that I would have to give up writing the monograph. For writing also is futile."—Kansas City Star.

A Doctors Prescription for Cough an Effective Cough Treatment.

One-fourth to one teaspoonful of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken as needed, will soothe and check coughs, Cold and the more dangerous bronchial and lung ailments. You can't afford to take the risk of serious illness, when so cheap and simple remedy as Dr. Kings New Discovery is obtainable. Go to your druggists today, get a bottle of Dr Kings New Discovery, start the treatment at once. You will be gratified for the relief and cure obtained.

Poisonous Mushrooms.

Of the 159 kinds of mushroom fungi listed by the department of agriculture 72 are described as poisonous.

Neuralgia Pains Stopped.

You don't need to suffer those agonizing pains in the face, head, arm, shoulders, chest and back. Just apply a few drops of soothing Sloan's liniment; lie quietly a few minutes. You will get such relief and comfort! Life and the world will look brighter. Get a bottle today. 3 ounces for 25c., at all druggists. Penetrates without rubbing

Easily in the Majority.

"Dere's a few grown folks," said Uncle Eben, "dat knows how to manage chillun; but dar's a heap mo' chillun dat knows how to manage grown folks."

(Continued from page 1.)

them keep their hearts underground with them.

Keep Up Their Spirits.

I do not understand how men can live underground day in and day out and keep their spirits aboveground. The French are doing it, however, and I suppose by the same token that the Germans are doing it also. Once in a while they get surcease from stagnation by an order to charge. It is an event, the effect of which in buoyance of spirits lasts for weeks, when one side of the other takes a single trench from the enemy and holds it.

There is a curious looking telescope in use in the French trenches. At first sight I thought it was a silver-mounted flute, for it looks like a flute more than anything else. Instead of looking through the "flute" lengthwise you look though it "sidewise," and in it you see mirrored the rough line which shows the outer edge of the German intrenchments, but you don't see any Germans unless you watch carefully for a long time. Then you see a little movement perhaps and then a rifle at your right or left speaks, and then you know that possibly there is a dead or a wounded man in the trench you see to your front.

We went out of the field trenches and made our way back into the wood. My army officer companion asked me how much I knew about woodcraft. Because of a life given over to a considerable extent to natural history pursuits which had carried me into the wilderness on many occasions, I said that I thought I knew a little something of the forest and of "signs and seasons." Then the officer asked me to let him know if I discovered anything that looked unusual as we walked through the lights and shades of the birch forest.

I put all my senses to work and tried to detect some symptom that everything was not just as it should be in an ordinary wood. I sensed nothing out of the ordinary, and was just about to say so when my knee struck something hard and I looked down. I was staring straight into the muzzle of a huge naval gun emplaced at an angle of about thirty degrees.

A Well-Concealed Gun.

This gun was in an "underground house." For a distance of at least two feet back of the muzzle the gun was shrouded with a green growth which completely concealed it. The house had a roof, but green things were growing upon it and there was absolutely nothing to tell that under the cover was a gun pit. We entered the house by means of some concealed steps and there we found a detachment of men ready to make the gun speak when a returning air scout should give the gunners directions as to just where to let a shell drop.

It was while I was in this gun pit that rapid firing was heard at the extreme edge of the wood. The cannonading was from a French battery engaged in driving off a German aeroplane which unquestionably was seeking to locate this big gun which had caused trouble in the German lines, but whose position the enemy had been unable exactly to determine.

The next day from a rock rising almost sheer to a height of nearly seven hundred feet I looked through the clear air toward Metz, the capital of German Lorraine, which with its circling fortresses is the prize most coveted by the French. The artillery of the republic emplaced on a ridge to the right and a little in advance of this position has succeeded in reaching with its shells one of the most formidable forts standing guard over Metz. When the French break down, if they can break down, the defenses of Metz, an army will spring from the ground and advance toward the German goal of its ambition. Metz, however, while really only a few miles away, is a long ways off, because between the outermost French lines and the city of desire lies a German army, and right here on this line within the next few days or weeks, or perhaps even months, there is sure to come fighting of a quality so fierce as to put all other fighting along this 500-mile line into the class with things tame.

Views the Battlefield.

From where I stood there is a bird's-eye view of a great battlefield. We made an early start in order to be able to climb this needle-like rock before the sun was high. This hill is called Mousson, and on its crown there is a chapel built in the eleventh century and which affords a fair and commanding mark for the enemy's artillery. The Germans for some reason or other have left this pinnacle alone for the main part. On occasions they send shells over it, and today was one of the occasions. A shell passed over my head while I was climbing the rock. I heard its whizzing distinctly, and instinctively I crouched, much to the amusement of the French army officer who stood at my side. "The thing you hear," he said, "never hits you. It's half a mile past you before you hear the sound."

In climbing the hill of Mousson there are many places where one is out from under cover. Walking up the hill was difficult, but running was more than difficult, and yet I had to run between the covered points. On this hill we were within range, not only of shell fire but of small rifle fire, and the journey up and down had its unpleasant moments.

When half-way down this Rock of Mousson the cannonading grew louder. The truth was that a new battery had opened, one much nearer to us than the guns which had been thundering before. We looked down from the hillside to the village of Pont-a-Mousson which lay nestling at our feet. Into the village the shells were pounding. All that we could see was clouds of dust and smoke mingled as we knew with mortar, stone fragments, and the ground powder of plaster.

Short Breathing Space.

We reached the foot of the hill, entered a military automobile, and were whirled into Pont-a-Mousson. The cannonading had ceased and the villagers, men, women and children, again going about the streets. No one knew, however, when the fusillade would begin again. It did begin again, not long after we left the town, and 20 people met their death inside of an hour from the time the first gun spoke.

Pont-a-Mousson is not far from Metz. The same river supplies water to both cities. One is in France and the other is in Germany. The French say that before the snow flies again both cities will be in France, and that both will belong to France for all time. I do not know whether this will prove true or not, but I do know that all along this line the French are fighting with a doubly strengthened heart, and perhaps with a doubly strengthened ferocity. They want Lorraine, and Lorraine they are going to get if valor can win it.

WARSHIPS IN DUEL

British Dreadnaught Drives Turkish Cruiser From Strait.

Salvos of Monster Shells Sweep High Over Ridges of Gallipoli at Dardanelles—Aviator Directs the Fire.

By LOUIS EDGAR BROWNE.
(Correspondent of the Chicago News.)

Mudros, Allies' Near Eastern Base.—The Queen Elizabeth and the Goeben have been engaged in battle with each other. The great British dreadnaught, the most powerful battleship afloat, attacked the Goeben under most extraordinary conditions. Although the Queen Elizabeth fired salvos of gigantic highly explosive projectiles, the Goeben escaped unhit.

Since the allies' forces landed at the Dardanelles late in April the German-Turkish battle cruiser has seriously hampered the advance toward their goal—Constantinople. It has supposedly a base at Chardak, an auxiliary naval port, on Gallipoli strait, 25 miles above the narrows. Nearly every day the Goeben has taken a position between Maitos and Cape Nagara, just above the Narrows, and has supported with killing fire the Turkish troops facing the Australian-New Zealand line running in a semicircle from below Suvla bay southward toward the line of the English and French forces advancing up the peninsula.

Turkish engineers have established a line of communication between posts of observation and signal stations somewhere east of Maitos. Because of these the fire control was made so effective that, although the Goeben was firing over a ridge of mountains, its officers were quickly informed just where each shell hit and what damage it did to the enemy. So constant became the fire of the German battle cruiser and so seriously did it hinder the movements of the allies that it was decided to attempt to destroy it even at considerable cost.

The Queen Elizabeth was selected for the first chance.

A ridge of fairly high mountains runs down the Gallipoli peninsula and a battleship firing across it from the Gulf of Saros to a point above the Narrows would be unable to see its target. The Queen Elizabeth could not see the Goeben. An aeroplane was needed to observe the fall of projectiles and to direct the fire.

It was somewhat after noon when a big naval aeroplane mounted and circled over the mountains. A naval observer occupied a seat beside the pilot. Far below him was the Dardanelles winding along like a distorted letter S. Several Turkish antiaircraft guns were hurling shrapnel skyward at a terrific rate.

The observer easily found the Goeben. The aeroplane sailed back to the Australian lines and communicated the Goeben's position to the Queen Elizabeth. The aeroplane then again mounted and flew eastward until it had a commanding view of the Goeben and yet was within easy signaling distance of the Queen Elizabeth.

Suddenly one of the 15-inch guns of the Queen Elizabeth belched forth a great sheet of flame, followed by a roar that could be heard at Mudros, 60 miles away. The spotting officer, leaning far over the combing of the fire control top, picked up the giant projectile with his glasses and kept it in view until it disappeared below the ridge of hills. Like a flash his glance turned to the aeroplane soaring high above the mountains. Some distance below the aeroplane there popped into being three black dots. An instant later three more black dots appeared. These were small smoke bombs dropped by the observer to signal where the shell had struck relatively to the target.

"Up 300—left three!" shouted the officer to a sailor standing at his elbow. The first shot had fallen 100 yards short and 300 yards to the right of the Goeben.

An instant later a salvo from the Queen Elizabeth's entire broadside of eight 15-inch guns crashed out. Eight monster shells, each weighing 2,000 pounds, went careening through space at a speed of 2,500 feet a second.

The Goeben took alarm after two or three salvos and fled at top speed northeast to the base at Chardak.